

66th YEAR

RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1916.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

**SWISS REPUBLIC  
IS BADLY SHAKEN****ROBBED OF YOUTH  
BY WAR'S HORRORS AND WOE TO DUTCH**

This Model Government Is Threatened by Fierce Internal Dissensions.

**STRIKE IS CAUSED BY WAR ITS TRACES ARE INDELIBLE**

All Official Efforts to Restore Former Unity of People Prove Futile.

**(Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch)**  
ZURICH, April 15.—Switzerland has often been praised as a model for larger states, and especially for the "United States of Europe," of which many men dream. The people of the little federation like this, and are proud on Swiss soil three or four races, speaking different languages, have developed in common a civilization and individual liberty not surpassed anywhere.

Two years ago the thought that the unity of this wonderful little democracy could be shaken by any storm would have seemed preposterous. But to-day the republic is seriously threatened with internal dissensions.

Although the government is maintaining the strictest neutrality, the sympathies of the different elements of the population for one group of the belligerents or the other have caused a severe rupture.

The German-speaking inhabitants of the central, northern and eastern cantons, on one side, and the French and Italians in the west and south, on the other, are almost enemies. It will take a long time and much patience to bridge the gulf opened by the war.

The French-speaking western cantons and the Italian-speaking Ticino take part of the allies. The cry for secession is raised by the press of Geneva, Lausanne and the other cities along the French border. German-speaking Swiss citizens, even soldiers in uniform, and government officials are incited to do and sometimes are called to show themselves in the centers of Geneva, Vaud, Neuchâtel and Fribourg. In Ticino also, serious disorders have occurred.

The German-speaking population of the central and eastern cantons sympathize strongly with the central powers.

As the war drags on the dissensions become more dangerous. For the first time in centuries, the Swiss do not understand one another, and the different elements are putting their racial prejudices above the common public interest.

The foundations of the federation are shaken as never before. Pessimists fear the western cantons and Ticino will enthusiastically throw themselves into the arms of France and Italy if these powers emerge victorious from the war.

The government is doing everything in its power to aid exiled patriots without creating suspicion or curbing the liberty of the press. But official efforts to restore the former unity have been vain. Several recently formed patriotic societies are also trying to re-establish the badly shattered national feeling, but with no better success than the government.

**EXPERT GRENADE THROWERS**

Most Athletic and Most Audacious of Recruits Selected for This Dangerous Service.

**(Paris, April 15.)** With cannon firing shells weighing a ton at a distance of twenty-two miles, there was little thought that in a modern war men would exchange bombs at a distance of twenty-two feet to twenty-two yards. But the present war, as is well known, has brought back the close-range fighters in the form of the grenadier of the first empire without the bearskin cap, the legendary plume and the scarlet epaulettes; he is now distinguished from the infantryman only by a grenade embroiled in gilt on the sleeve of his dolman.

The modern grenadiers are made up of the elite of the infantry. The most athletic, most sportive and most audacious of recruits are selected for this service, where cool-headedness, strength and skill are required. They are trained with almost as much care as a prize fighter preparing for a world championship match. They are given exercise for the development of the muscles, and are trained in grenade throwing, when on the march, while lying on the ground, while kneeling, and in all other positions in which the body may be placed while the man is trying to protect himself. They have a thorough preparation in the judging of distances and throwing grenades from one trench to another. After a batch of men chosen for this work have gone through this kind of preparation, competitive trials are held, and those only are selected who demonstrate that at twenty yards they can hit any sort of a silhouette with a grenade.

**PRICE OF SOAP ADVANCES**

Enormous Increase in Vienna Due to Shortage of Oils and Fats.

**(Vienna, April 15.)** Laundry soaps at the beginning of the war cost about 2 cents a pound at wholesale, but now they are priced at 16 to 19 cents. Meantime, foreign soaps have been brought in, but these sell for as much as 15 cents a pound, though very inferior, containing only some 20 per cent of fats.

In the last few weeks the soap manufacturers have found it almost impossible to get raw material, and some of the largest soap works which formerly dealt only in carload lots, are now glad if they can deliver a few cases.

"Who is Lalli?" he asks in surprise. He is outside it all. It has all become distant and unimportant. It happened during his youth, ages ago. He has turned old; he represents the autumn of life among the eternally young. He has walked from early spring, straight into late autumn. While he was away, the summer came which he never saw. All he remembers is a storm, a hurricane, which buried him about like a flake of snow, and he turned old. His friends do not recognize him.

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**Men Who Go Out as Boys Return in Autumn of Their Lives.****Brave Inhabitants Are Ready to Offer Desperate Resistance to Any Enemy.****Even Years of Ease Never Will Erase Traces Left by Conflict.****Unique Features of Defense Make Successful Attack Almost Impossible.**

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**RECOGNIZES WAITER**

**AT STAFF DE PARIS**

Next morning he was presented to him. He looked exceedingly pleased with himself, and spoke French like a native, which after all, was not so strange, for one glimpse of his face was enough for me to recognize in him the former head waiter from "Café de Paris."

Maurice was not the only interesting prisoner I saw at Verdun, but the others were considerably more sympathetic.

**DUTCH WOULD ABANDON EASTERN HALF OF COUNTRY**

But the unique feature of Holland's defense system is on the land. It started from the east, the Dutch would almost immediately abandon the eastern half of their country. No large cities stand here, and the land is of little value compared with the western half.

Wilhelmina's armies would retake what is known as the New Holland Water Line. A stretch of country starting from the south shore of the Zuider Zee, and extending south and then west until it reaches the Holland Deep just west of the mouth of the River Meuse (or Maas), would be flooded to a depth of one foot.

On the west edge of this gigantic moat stands a line of strong fortresses commanding it. The only ways across this moat are roads, railway lines and river banks. These are higher than the sea level, while most of the land is well below the sea, in some places as much as twenty feet. All these causeways could be raised by a narrow fire from the barrier fort.

The Dutch could flood the country much deeper, but they do not wish to do so. A foot of water prevents navigation even in flat-bottom boats. It also prevents wading for several rods. The ground below the water becomes a soggy mass, in which the feet sink and are held. The country is cut up with many canals, ponds and other depressions, into which soldiers of an invading army would fall and perish.

They nearly died with homesickness in their prison camp, he said. The food was scarce and terrible, even to these poor Russian peasants. One night they succeeded in making their escape. They were seven then, but four were shot down. For six weeks they tramped through Germany, walking only during the night and living on turnips and beans they found in the woods, until at last they reached the German trenches. They knew that if they kept on going west they would reach France. It was too far to go back to Russia.

The German lines from Belfort to Dunkirk are considered impregnable, but these men did the impossible thing. They got past sentries and barbed wire, trenches and patrols and at last only the dangerous strip of "no man's land" separated them from the French. Here, luck favored them. The French observers on the listening posts did not hear them until they were close enough to whisper "Russ, Russ!" and they interrupted a nighty game of cards as they dropped into the trench.

The following day they were to be sent to Paris to the Russian military attache, Colonel Ignatieff, who would see that they were sent back to fight on the French front.

**HAD NEVER SEEN UNIFORMS SO DIRTY AND TAUTERED**

Never have I seen uniforms so dirty and tattered, never faces so thin and emaciated as these under the unkempt beards. An entire day spent cleaning themselves had not been able to obliterate the traces of months of dirt, rain, snow and starvation. A whole year in ease and luxury would not have been able to give them back their lost youth, and still, none of them was over twenty-five.

War is something dreadful. It may be compared to a young man getting up from a lucidian table at which his friends are feasting. "Excuse me a moment," he says, "I'll be back right away." But outside his door the recruiting sergeant is waiting and he stays away—two, three, four years. It is only an infinitely small fraction of eternity. He returns. His friends are still feasting, still at the table. Perhaps they have reached the dessert, and as before he left, they are talking of wine and women.

"Do you remember the carnival when you were dancing with Lilli?" one of them says.

"Who is Lilli?" he asks in surprise. He is outside it all. It has all become distant and unimportant. It happened during his youth, ages ago. He has turned old; he represents the autumn of life among the eternally young. He has walked from early spring, straight into late autumn. While he was away, the summer came which he never saw. All he remembers is a storm, a hurricane, which buried him about like a flake of snow, and he turned old. His friends do not recognize him.

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